

COWBOY NO. 34

ALL COMICS

WESTERN

COMICS

10¢
FRI.



ANNIE OAKLEY
And the Crown Prince.



JESSE JAMES
Great Train Robbery.



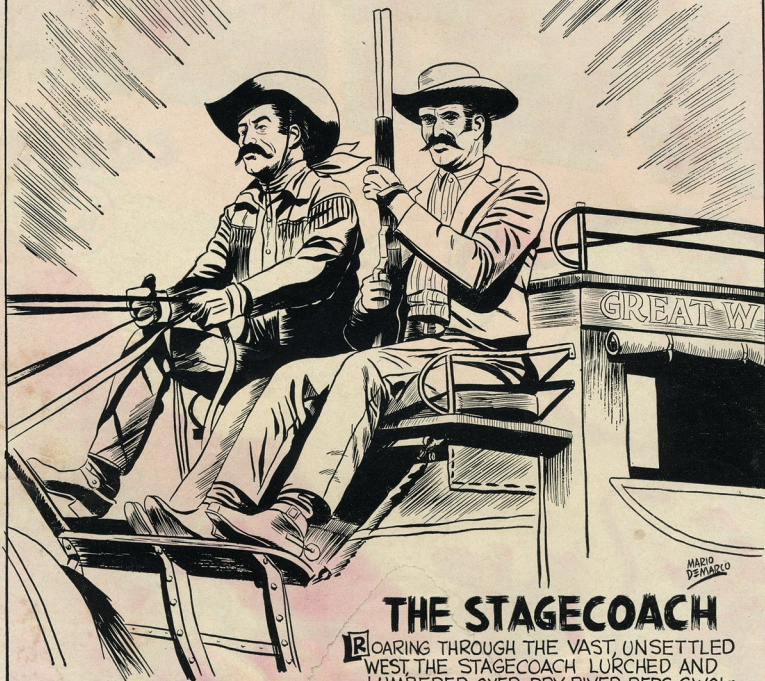
BILL HICKOK
Hayes City Gunfight.





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

MAKERS OF THE WEST



MARIO DEMARCO

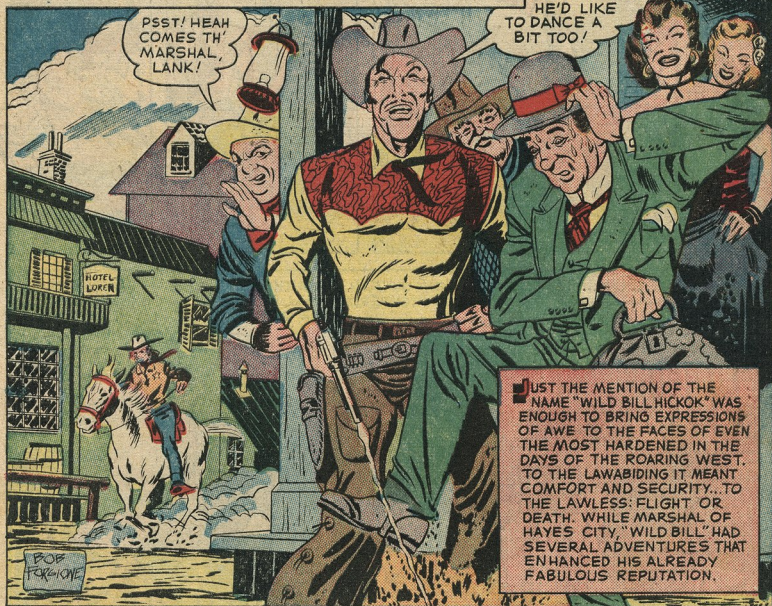
THE STAGECOACH

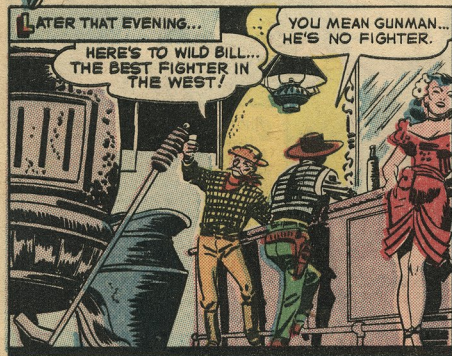
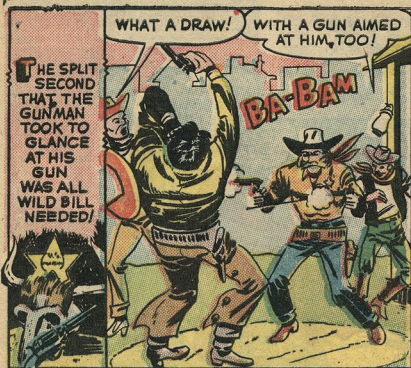
ROARING THROUGH THE VAST, UNSETTLED WEST, THE STAGECOACH LURCHED AND LUMBERED OVER DRY RIVER BEDS, SWOLLEN STREAMS AND CORDUROY ROADS, CARRYING AN EMPIRE WESTWARD. YES, THE STAGECOACH CERTAINLY WAS A MAJOR FACTOR IN THE SETTLING OF THE WEST. IT

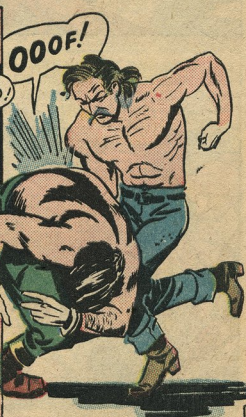
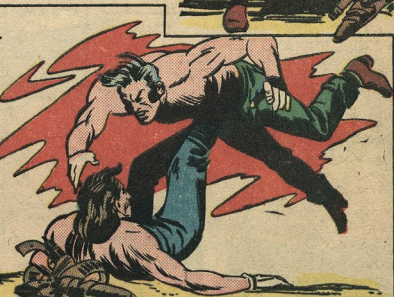
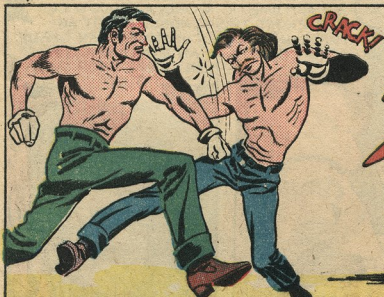
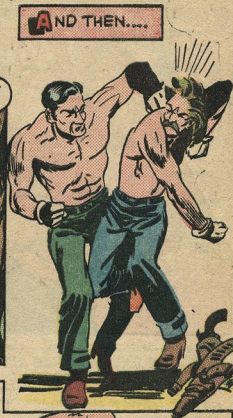


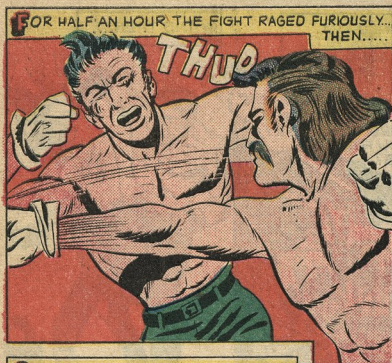
TRAVELED WHERE NO RIDERS DARED GO. OVERLAND UNTHOUGHT OF BY THE RAILROADS THAT WERE SPEEDILY BUILDING IN THE EAST. WITH ITS SWIFT TEAM OF HORSES AND VALUABLE CARGO, THE STAGECOACH BECAME A BIG PROFITABLE BUSINESS.

WILD BILL HICKOK'S GUNFIGHT *at* HAYES CITY









BUT THE RATTLESNAKE STILL HAD ITS VENOM... SUDDENLY!

STAND THERE, MARSHAL... I AM T'KILL YOU AND LEAVE YOU HEAH WITH YOUR GUN. THEY'LL THINK YOU KILLED YERSELF 'CAUSE YOU WAS BEAT.

YOU'RE YELLOW! I KNEW IT!



PECOS *Bill*

in

A MESS

HENRY HARVEY HARPERS HABSHERY
HAM, HAMBURGERS + HOMEMADE HEN HASH

GEE, SHERIFF!
LOOK AT THAT
CUTE BABY!

AH'AM A'LOOKIN'
PECOS!... AH'AM
A'LOOKIN'!

WAH!

BY

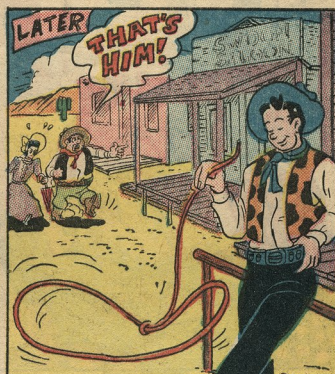
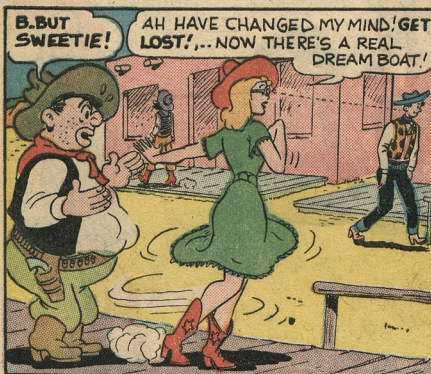
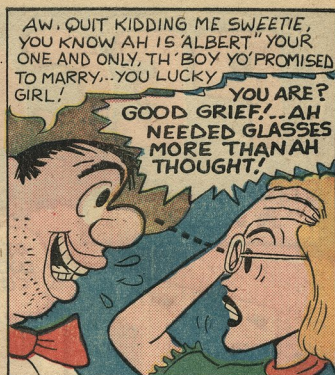
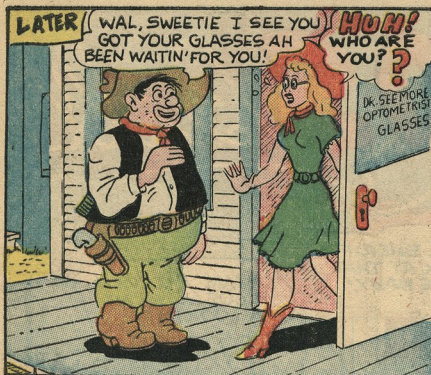
CHIT HARMON

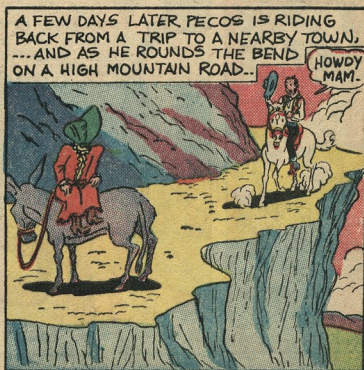
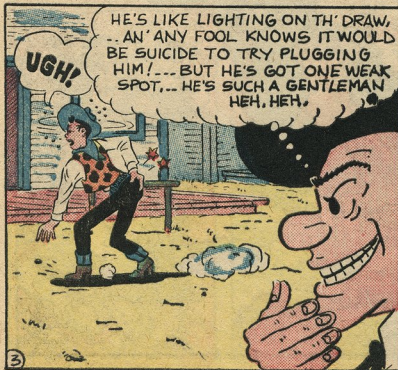
HEY SHERIFF,
AH CAUGHT THESE
COYOTES TRYIN' TA
RUSTLE MAH CATTLE!

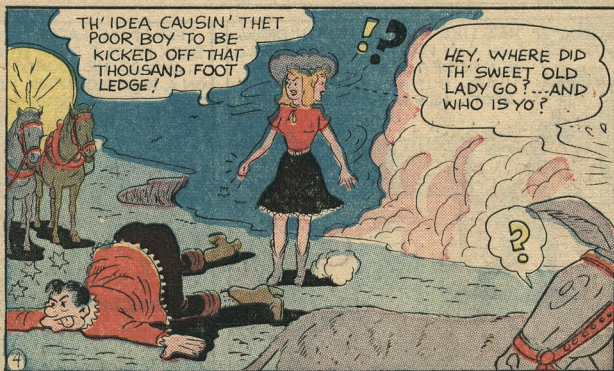
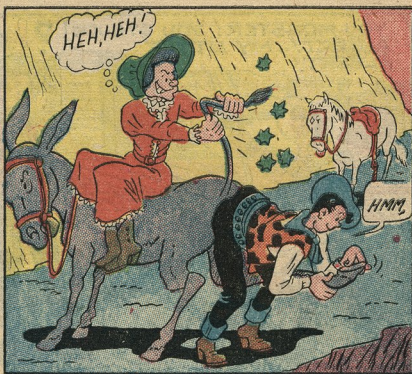
YA' KNOW PECOS
WE IS SHORE
CLEANIN' THIS
TOWN UP!

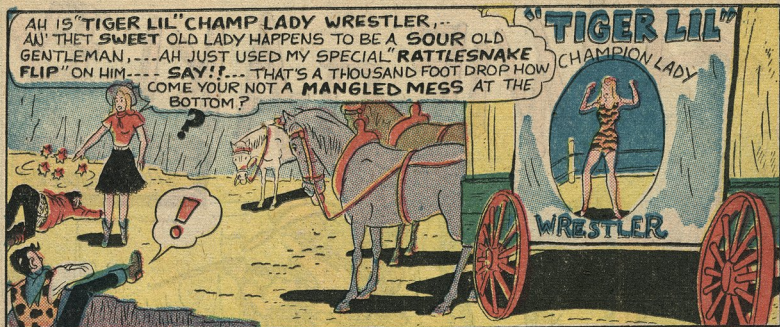
☆★M!! IT'S
GETTIN' SO YOU
CAN'T TRUST
ANYBODY, EVERY
RAT AH HIRES TA
DO MAH RUSTLIN'
GETS HAULED
IN BY PECOS!

FIDDLE!



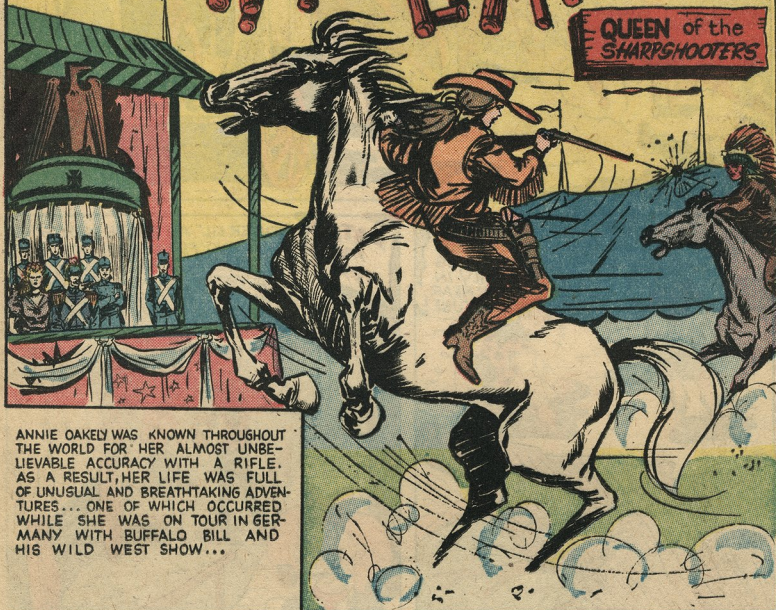






ANNIE OAKLEY

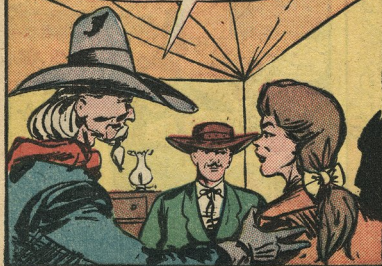
QUEEN of the
SHARPSHOOTERS



ANNIE OAKLEY WAS KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD FOR HER ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE ACCURACY WITH A RIFLE. AS A RESULT, HER LIFE WAS FULL OF UNUSUAL AND BREATHTAKING ADVENTURES... ONE OF WHICH OCCURRED WHILE SHE WAS ON TOUR IN GERMANY WITH BUFFALO BILL AND HIS WILD WEST SHOW...

BACKSTAGE ONE EVENING WITH
BUFFALO BILL AND HER HUSBAND

WAL ANNIE, HOW'D YA FEEL?
NOT A MITE SCART' SEEN' ALL
THEM CROWNS OUT THERE TONIGHT,
BE YA? THE PRINCE HISSSELF'LL
BE THAR.'

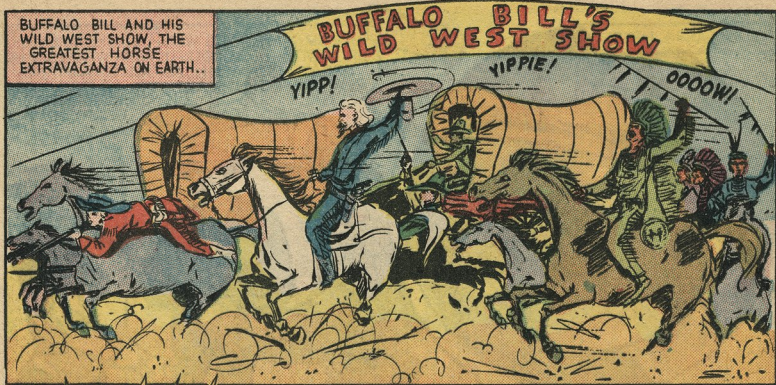


NOPE, NOT 'SCART'A BIT.
THEY'S ALL THE SAME
TO FRANK, ME, AN'
THIS HERE RIFLE.

GOOD GAL
ANNIE!



BUFFALO BILL AND HIS
WILD WEST SHOW, THE
GREATEST HORSE
EXTRAVAGANZA ON EARTH...



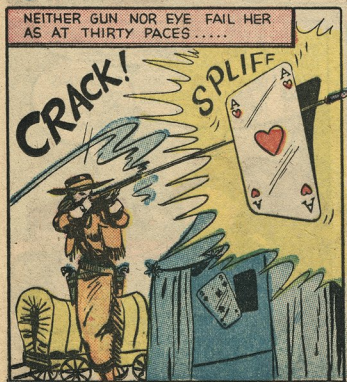
...PRESENT "WATANYA CICILIA,"
LITTLE SURE SHOT, DAUGHTER OF
THE FIERCE CHIEF SITTING BULL, IN AN
AMAZING AND ALTOGETHER ASTOUNDING
DISPLAY OF TRIGGER GENIUS!



ANNIE'S HUSBAND ASSISTS HER AS SHE
USES A BOWIE KNIFE FOR A MIRROR...

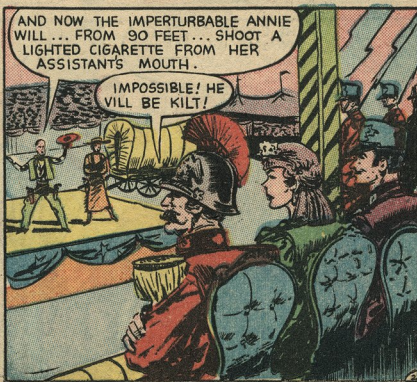


NEITHER GUN NOR EYE FAIL HER
AS AT THIRTY PACES.....



AND NOW THE IMPERTURBABLE ANNIE
WILL ... FROM 90 FEET ... SHOOT A
LIGHTED CIGARETTE FROM HER
ASSISTANT'S MOUTH.

IMPOSSIBLE! HE
WILL BE KILT!



CALMLY, ANNIE FIRES...



LATER...

YA' CAN MARK UP ANOTHER GREAT PERFORMANCE GAL!

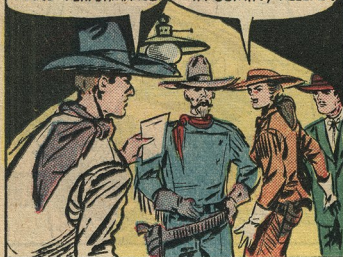
YOU WERE WONDERFUL ANNIE, AS USUAL!

THANKS, PARDNERS. NOW WHAT'S SAY WE ALL GIT A MITE TA EAT. I'M FER A NICE TENDER SIDE O' STEER! SOME.



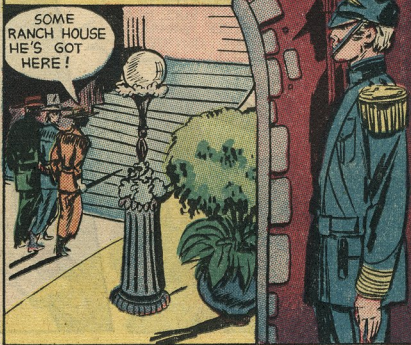
LOOK HERE, ANNIE, A MESSAGE FROM THE CROWN PRINCE! HE'S ASKING FOR YOU TO COME TO THE PALACE, TONIGHT. IT'S A COMMAND PERFORMANCE!

DOGGONE!-I KIN HARDLY REFUSE SECH A' IMPORTANT GENT. GUESS WE'LL HAFTA PUT OFF TH' STEAK AWHILE. YA COMIN', FELLAS?



AT THE GRAND PALACE...

SOME RANCH HOUSE HE'S GOT HERE!



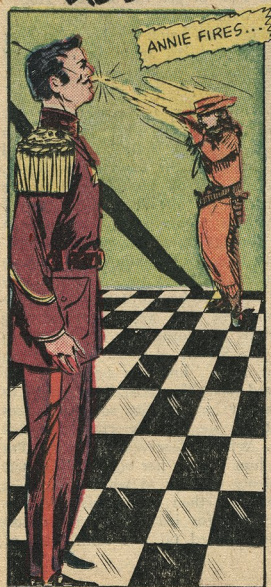
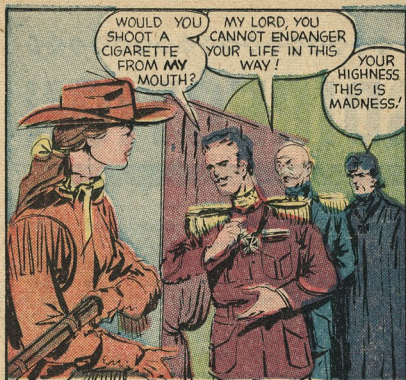
THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY, MRS. PHOEBE ANNE, OAKLEY, BUTLER.



... AND I WAS VERY MUCH IMPRESSED BY YOUR PERFORMANCE TODAY. INDEED, SO IMPRESSED THAT I WOULD LIKE TO MAKE A SMALL REQUEST, IF I MAY.

ANYTHING YOU SAY, PRINCE. NAME IT.





LITTLE DID SHE REALIZE THAT IN THE NOT TOO FAR FUTURE HALF THE CIVILIZED WORLD WOULD BE STRUGGLING TO GAIN HER ONE OPPORTUNITY.. TO STAND WITH A BEAD DRAWN ON KAISER WEILHELM II THE CROWN PRINCE WHO BECAME GERMANY'S DREAD LEADER IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR.



WESTERN MISDIRECTION

Sheriff John Wilson was a man of about fifty years of age, short of stature, with a small, round head, densely covered with long, shaggy unkempt hair — an equal mixture of auburn and gray. His whiskers were of the same bountiful supply and hue and they almost concealed a pale plump face. His eyes were blue and bright, the mouth large, and well-filled with tobacco-stained teeth. He wore a faded blue shirt, an old leather vest on which was the symbol of his office, and a pair of trousers that had seen army duty.

As he moved about in his narrow high chair, he rubbed his left side and complained, "That there rheumatism will be the death of me yet. That's what I get for sleeping on rain-soaked ground while other folks got nice thick mattresses." Listening to him with evident sympathy was his deputy, Slim Rodgers, a thin tall man who was completely bald. "Take it easy, Sheriff," he counselled, "the mayor is outside and wants a few words with you. Shall I let him in right now?"

The Sheriff shook his head in the affirmative and managed to hold back the grin that wanted to appear on his face. He knew exactly what the good folks of Larington were saying. And His Honor was here to voice their sentiments.

The high hat that Mayor William Simpson wore had seen better days. But the plump middle-aged feed merchant felt it was a good badge of office. "How you feelin' today?" he inquired as he entered the office and saw the look of pain on Wilson's face.

"That liniment you sent me might be good for horses, but not for humans," were the words that shot right out of the Sheriff's mouth. "Got a lot to do so you better git off your mind what must be eatin' you up."

That made things easier for His Honor. "Everyone knows you are the best Sheriff in the Southwest. You got the Lowery Gang, the Cornell Boys, put Chief Long Hand back on the reservation, and beat Lon Parker, to the

draw. That's why we hired you and asked you to come to this town and help us git rid of Milt Gilman. But in your condition he could shoot you down like if you were a turkey at a shooting match. And already he's boastin' how he's going to fill you full of lead. Don't serve that warrant on him, Sheriff. Keep the money we paid you. We'll get the constable from Barton Points to do it."

There were no words to answer the fair request of the mayor. Sheriff Wilson merely rubbed his side. He then beckoned to his deputy who helped him from the chair. As the two moved towards the door, the law officer turned around to the Mayor and remarked, "I got a gal out East in a very classy finishin' school. You said I get a good bonus for this job if I arrest Milt or get rid of him. And I aim to get the money. Need it for that gal of mine. So, I think you better go home to your wife and tell her that last apple pie she baked for me was burned on the bottom."

Milton—or rather Milt as he was generally known—sat in his private office from which he ran the "Best Drink Cafe" and planned how to keep control of the town in his hands. He was checking up on his .44 and as he twirled the barrel he already had visions of the Sheriff on the floor, dead with at least three bullets through him. He was a broad-shouldered six-footer, weighing about two hundred pounds and his white face was evidence of the fact that he spent more time indoors than out. His eyes were gray and they could be friendly or murderous. He turned to his partner, Jim Slader, a short man with a large muscular neck. "Jim," he began. "I got this all figured out. The Sheriff is going to serve that warrant on me. Got some witnesses to swear that we are running crooked games in this place. When he serves it on me I'm going to call him a dirty liar right to his face. There'll be plenty of boys to witness it. If he takes it from me, then he's finished as a Sheriff. If he goes for his gun, in his condition, he's also finished on this earth. Sort of

like tossin' a coin into the air—heads I win, tails I win."

Slader's eyes were expressionless as he looked at his partner. "Know it's useless to give you advice, Milt. But this Sheriff is nobody's fool. He can handle that gun of his better than any living man in the territory. I saw him the day he beat Lon Parker to the draw down in Los Palomos. You think because he's twice your age he's just an old man slowin' up on his time. He's got brains and I got no stomach for all this."

Milt laughed. "I always thought you were the kind to run when there was trouble. That's why you need me. Stay around and let me show you how I handle trouble when it comes my way. After I get rid of that Sheriff, got a couple of other things that need attendin' to." Slader wet his lips. Inwardly he wondered if he were one of the things that "need attendin' to." For their partnership agreement had a clause that provided in case of death of either, the entire business went to the survivor. He left the office with the excuse, "I'm going to see Lou Martins. Got something in horseflesh he wants to sell me. See you later." And then, perhaps because there was a bit of mischief in his soul, he added, "If you still are alive."

Slim Hodggers helped the Sheriff get off his horse in front of the "Best Drink Cafe." Mayor Simpson was there with a shotgun in his hand and with him were several other armed men. His Honor was firm in expressing himself. "If you go inside it can only mean on thing. Murder, just plain murder. You stay here and let me and the boys do a bit of good vigilante law. Milt should have been strung up to a tree a long time ago. You stay here just for five minutes, Sheriff, and all will be well in this town."

But the old Sheriff could be a bit firmer in answering, as he limped towards the entrance to the place. "When I took this here job you made me a promise. No lynch law. No vigilantes running things with guns and ropes. You just give me five minutes inside and I think things will work out the right way."

As the Sheriff mounted the steps, one at a time, his deputy put himself between his boss and the Mayor. His right hand swung dangerously close to his holster. "You gents better remain right here for a few minutes," he suggested. "And wait till the Sheriff serves his warrant. 'Cause you might get hurt in the shooting when it starts."

Milt was standing at the bar when the Sheriff entered. He figured the old man would approach him and get right down to business. And he noticed with satisfaction three of his boys seated at tables, who would hear everything, and swear in court when the time came.

The Sheriff stopped and placed his left arm on the bar. He was now facing Milt. And the gambler noted with satisfaction that the Sheriff was scratching his right ear with his right hand. No man could travel that distance for a gun and win in a draw. The Sheriff began to speak. "I got a warrant for the arrest of a Mr. Milton Gilman. And that creature is you. Want to come with me without making a fuss?"

The words actually flew out of Milt's mouth. "The man who says I run a crooked gambling place is a liar. That warrant is a lie. And if you serve it, you're a dirty liar!" This was the showdown and every eye in the place was on the two men. And then the Sheriff spoke quietly and shocked everyone.

"I agree with you, Milt. In fact I refused to listen to people who said you were running a crooked gambling place. This warrant is a federal warrant issued by Judge Creston of the District Court. Seems you killed a man last year near Fort Benton. And since I also happen to be a deputy U. S. Marshal, it's my job to arrest you. Coming?"

The unexpected turn of events unbalanced Milt. In his mind there was only one thing to do—and he did it. He went for his gun, but never made it. The .40 caliber Derringer in the Sheriff's left hand shot out a heavy ball that ripped right through him. As one of the seated men arose, the Sheriff spun around, Derringer in one hand, and six shooter in the other. "Sit down, Sonny, or you'll join your boss." Discretion was better than valor, and the man remained seated.

The medico patched up Milt and soon the Sheriff was ready to leave with his prisoner. Slim Hodggers explained things satisfactorily to the Mayor. "The Sheriff knows a bit about magic. Something he calls misdirection. You get the fellow to look one place, and things happen another place. You get the fellow to expect one thing, and something else happens. Hardest thing was makin' out he had the rheumatism. We got another town to clean up after we deliver our prisoner. And the Sheriff thanks you for the bonus. So long."

PANCHO VILLA



MARIN
DE MALLER

FRANCISCO 'PANCHO' VILLA, SOMETIMES CALLED THE ROBIN HOOD OF MEXICO, HE ROBBED THE RICH AND GAVE TO THE POOR, WHO WERE HIS LOYAL FOLLOWERS. THIS GOOD-BAD MAN OF THE PLAINS WHO WAS BORN TO POOR AND UNEDUCATED PARENTS MADE THE NAME OF VILLA FAMOUS. HE GATHERED A SMALL BAND WHICH GREW INTO AN ARMY, AND WITH THIS ARMY WROTE MEXICAN HISTORY. THE RICH FEARED HIM, THE POOR LOVED HIM.

GROUPS OF REPORTERS WOULD FOLLOW HIM OVER MEXICO ON HIS RAIDS. PANCHO LOVED PUBLICITY, ONE DAY ON A RAID HE ONCE HELD UP A BATTLE SO THAT THE WORLD SERIES WOULD END, SO THAT HE COULD MAKE THE HEADLINES IN THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.



PANCHO VILLA MADE A GREAT INFLUENCE ON ALL PEOPLE. AFTER HIS DEATH IN 1923, BOOKS WERE WRITTEN AND MOVIES WERE MADE ABOUT HIM.

LEGENDS OF PAUL BUNYAN

GRANDPA!
WHY DO
WOODPECKERS
ALWAYS PECK
AT TREES!

BY CLYDE HARMON

SON, HE'S DOIN' A VERY IMPORTANT
JOB, YESSIR, IN FACT IF IT HADN'T
BEEN FOR OL' PAULBUNYAN AND THE
WOODPECKERS WE PROBABLY WOULDN'T
HAVE THE LARGE LUMBERCAMPS THAT
ARE HERE IN THE NORTH
WOODS TODAY!

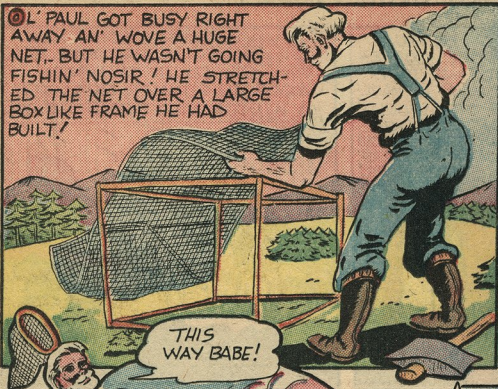
WAL, IT ALL STARTED
ONE YEAR WHEN THE
LOGGERS BEGAN THEIR
SPRING LOGGING!...

WHAT IN
TH' BLAZES
IS WRONG
WITH THOSE
TREES?



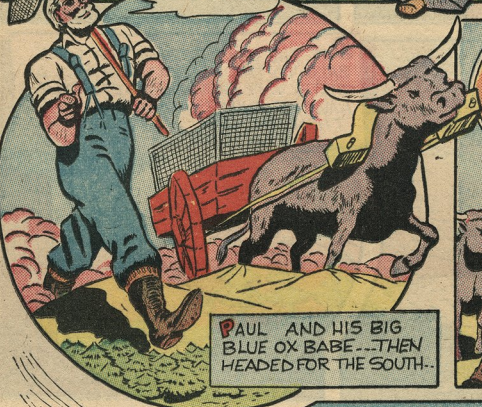
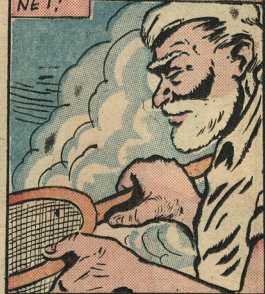


OL' PAUL GOT BUSY RIGHT AWAY AN' WOVE A HUGE NET... BUT HE WASN'T GOING FISHIN' NOSIR! HE STRETCHED THE NET OVER A LARGE BOX LIKE FRAME HE HAD BUILT!



THIS WAY BABE!

THE NEXT THING OL' PAUL MADE LOOKED LIKE A GIANT BUTTERFLY NET!



PAUL AND HIS BIG BLUE OX BABE... THEN HEADED FOR THE SOUTH...

AND WHERE DO YOU THINK OL' PAUL WAS GOING, WAL, HE DIDN'T STOP TILL HE WAS IN THE DEEP SOUTH!... PAUL SPENT QUITE A SPELL CATCHIN' A CERTAIN KIND OF BIRD!

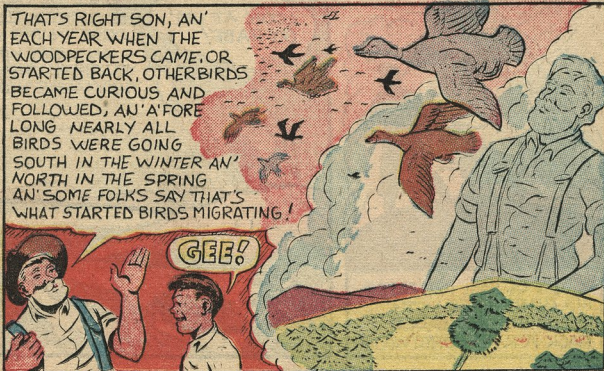
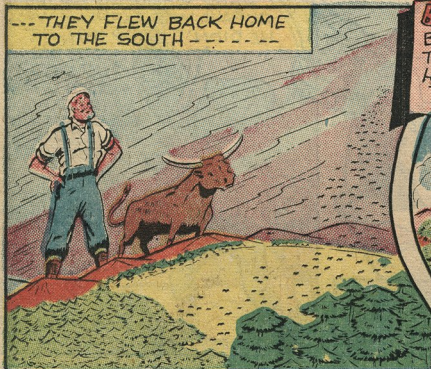
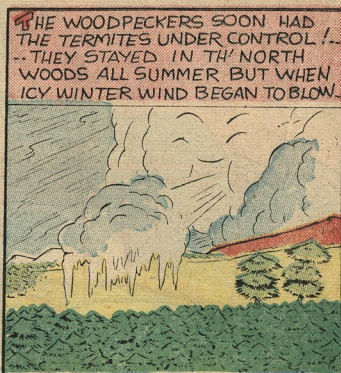


WHEN OL' PAUL HAD FILLED HIS GIANT CAGE WITH THE BIRDS HE HEADED BACK FOR THE NORTH WOODS.

LOOK AT UM' GO BABE!

ONCE OL' PAUL WAS BACK HOME HE TURNED ALL THE BIRDS LOOSE IN THE NORTH WOODS!... AN' WHAT KIND OF BIRDS DO YOU THINK THEY WERE?... WAL, THEY WERE WOODPECKERS, YESSIR!





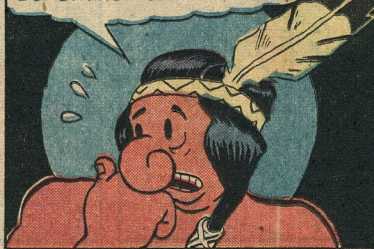
Li'l Hootie

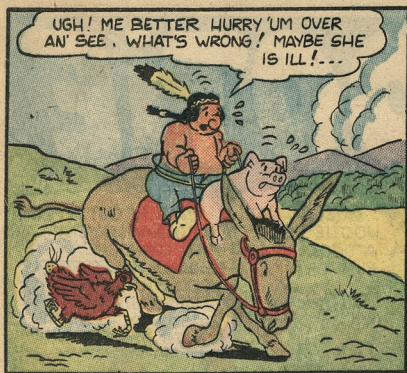


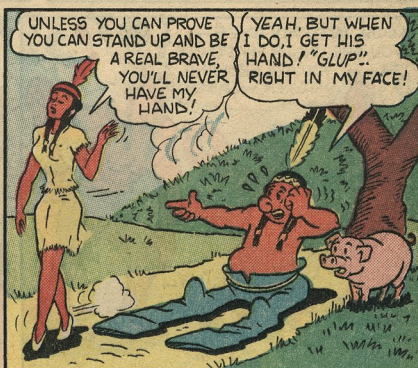
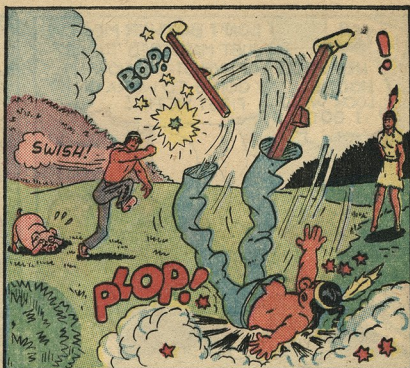
OOH' ME! HORSTENCE, MY LI'L PIG, WHAT COULD BE WRONG? MY SWEETIE "LI'L PRARIE ROSE PETAL" DIDN'T ANSWER'UM MY MESSAGE TODAY!

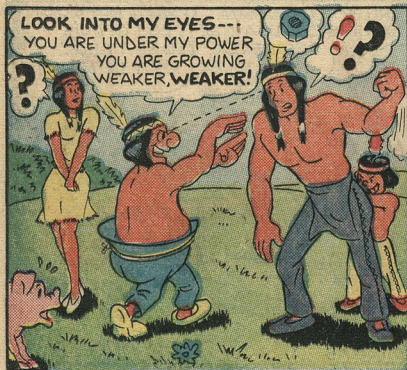
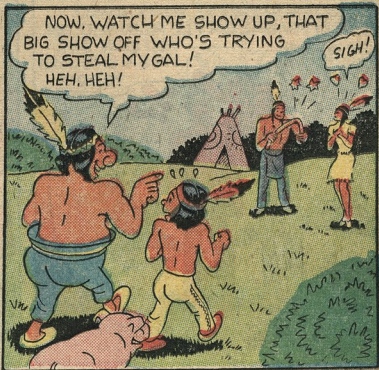
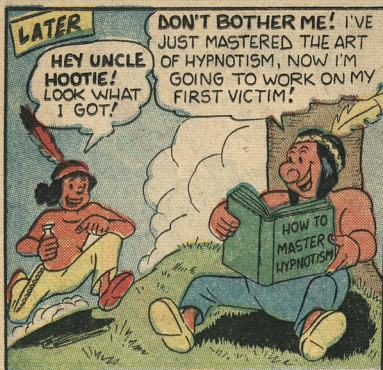


EVERYDAY WHEN I SEND UP SWEET LITTLE NOthings IN SMOKE RINGS, SHE ANSWERS ME FROM OVER YONDER HILL, BUT, "GLUP" TODAY ME NO GET UM' ANSWER! --- SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG!









LEGENDS OF THE OLD WEST

JUSTICE WASN'T TOO
PLENTIFUL IN THE
DAYS OF THE OLD WEST
BUT A MAN WAS
USUALLY HUNG FOR
MURDER, IF HE
COULD BE CAUGHT...
--BUT READ ABOUT
THE MAN WHO EVERY-
BODY THOUGHT GOT
AWAY WITH!
MURDER!



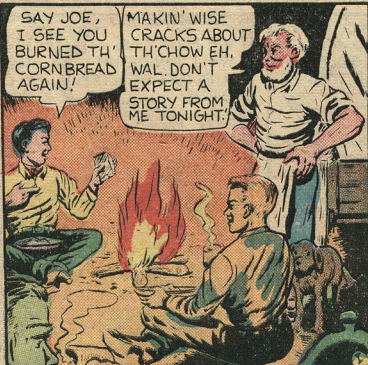
The "DOUBLE JUSTICE"

By CLINT HARMON

WHEN OUT
ON THE
RANGE, THE
COWHANDS
FAVORITE
PASSTIME
WAS TO SIT
AROUND
THE CAMP
AND TELL
STORIES...

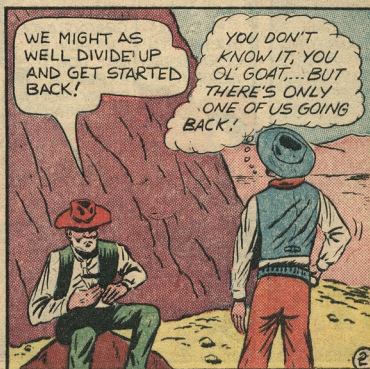
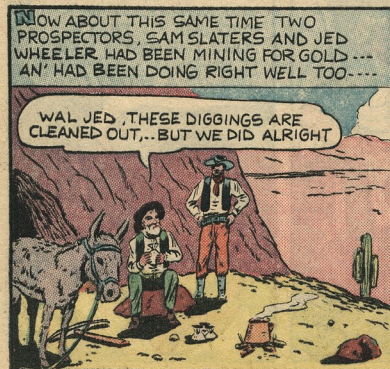
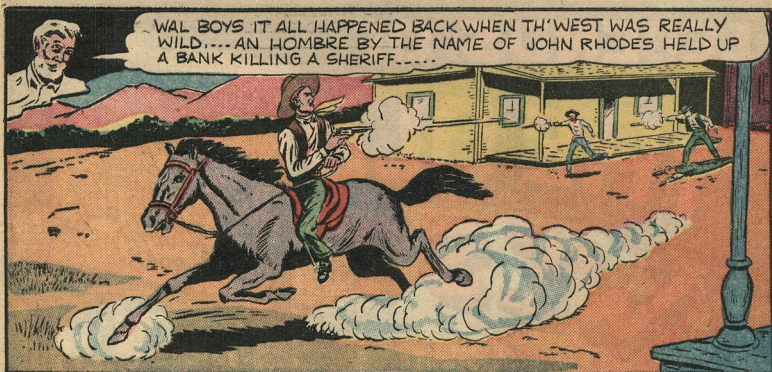
SAY JOE,
I SEE YOU
BURNED TH'
CORN BREAD
AGAIN!

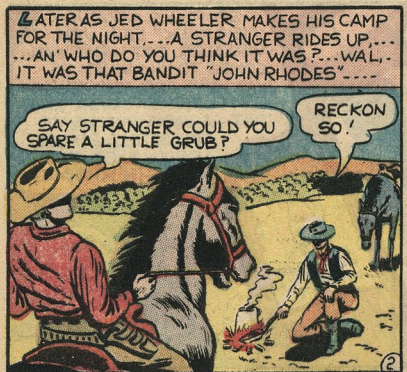
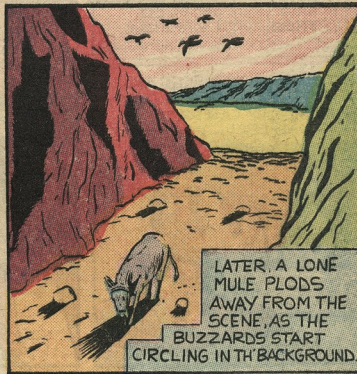
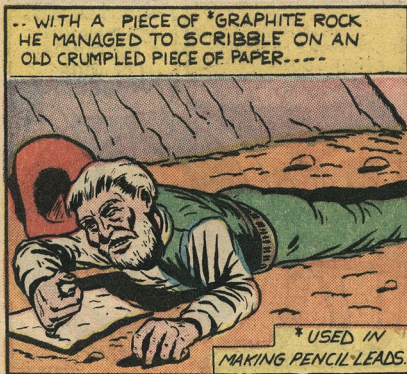
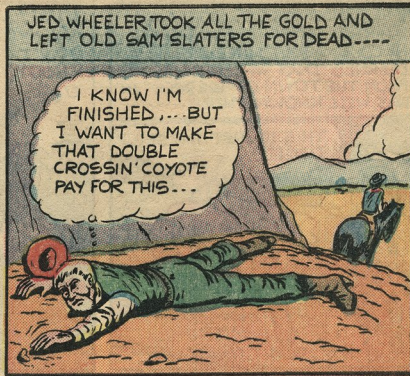
MAKIN' WISE
CRACKS ABOUT
TH' CHOW EH,
WAL DON'T
EXPECT A
STORY FROM
ME TONIGHT!



AW, NOW DON'T GET
MAD JOE!... THAT'S
JUST THE WAY I LIKE
IT, BURNED!... COME ON
TELL US A STORY!







THE BANDIT, RHODES, RIGHT AWAY STARTED TRYING TO FIND OUT ALL HE COULD ABOUT WHEELER, HE LEARNED THAT WHEELER WAS FROM THE TOWN OF "BIG ROCK" AN' WAS WELL KNOWN THERE-----



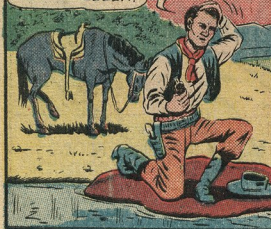
HUH!... NO. NO! DON'T SHOOT! UGGHHH!

SORRY WHEELER! --BUT FROM NOW ON I'M GOING TO BE YOU! --AN' YOUR GOING TO BE DEAD!



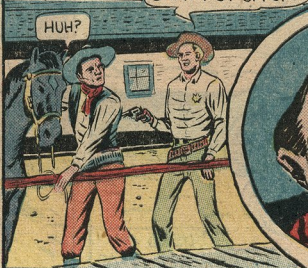
RHODES THEN CHANGED CLOTHING WITH WHEELER, ALSO DISCOVERING THE GOLD!

WITHOUT MY MUSTACHE AND A LITTLE BOOT POLISH ON MY HAIR NOBODY CAN PROVE I'M NOT WHEELER!



JOHN RHODES WAS ON TOP OF THE WORLD...NOT ONLY DID HE HAVE A GOLD FORTUNE...BUT HE WAS A FREE MAN...FREE FROM HIS PAST... BUT AS HE RODE INTO "BIG ROCK"...

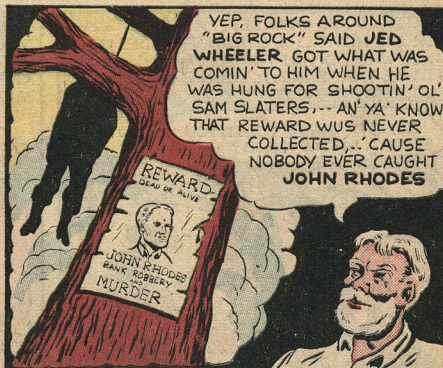
OKAY PUT UM' UP!



B-BUT SHERIFF, ..YOUR MAKIN' A MISTAKE! ..I'M JED WHEELER!



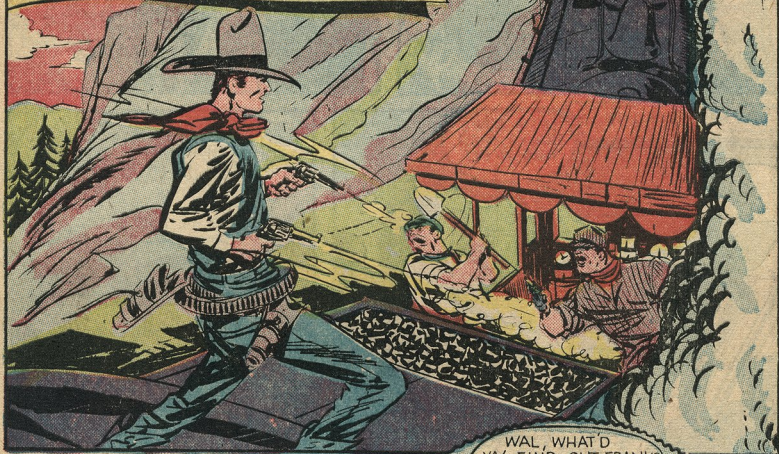
THEN I'M SURE I'M MAKING NO MISTAKE!...YOU KILLED OL' SAM SLATERS!...BEFORE OL' SAM DIED HE MANAGED TO SCRIBBLE THIS NOTE AND FASTEN IT TO HIS MULE'S BRIDLE...THAT OL' MULE MADE IT BACK HERE! REVEALING YOUR GUILT!



JESSE JAMES

THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY

JESSE JAMES, ONE OF THE MOST FABULOUS AND MOST INGENUOUS OF THE WEST'S BANDITS, INVENTED WITH HIS RUTHLESS, RIP ROARING BAND THE ALTOGETHER NEW AND PROFITABLE ART OF... TRAIN ROBBERING... IT WAS SO NEW, IN FACT, EVEN HE COULDN'T FIGURE ALL THE ANGLES



A CAMP AT COUNCIL BLUFFS, OHIO 1873.

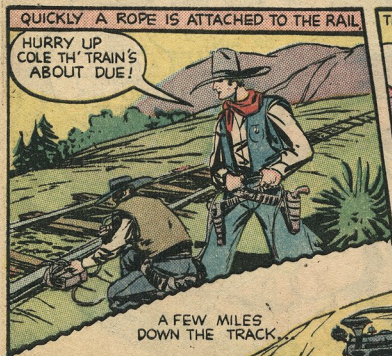
HEAH THEY COME. HOPE THEY GOT THE FINAL WORD. AH'M MIGHTY TIR'D O' WAIT'N 'ROUND.

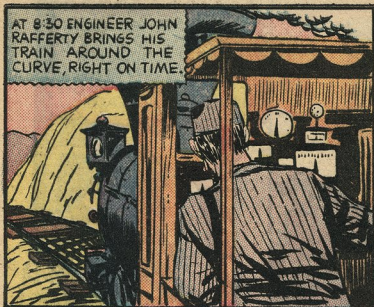
KEEP YER SHIRT ON, JOHN. WE WANT T'B E PLENTY SURE A' THIS ONE.

WAL, WHAT'D YA' FIND OUT FRANK? IS THERE GONNA BE GOLD GOIN' THROUGH FROM THE WEST AS WE HEARD OR AINT THERE?

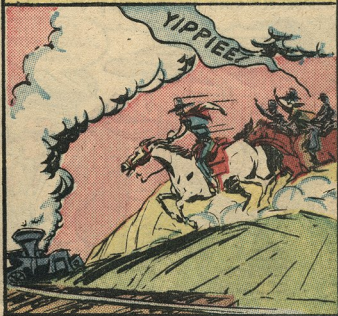
TAKE IT EASY, JESSE, GIVE A MAN A CHANCT'T' CATCH HIS BREATH.



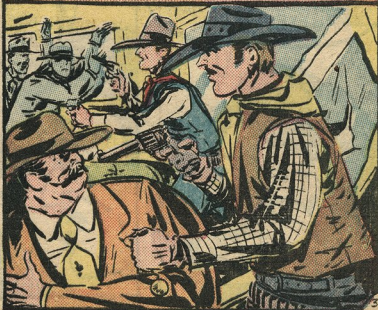


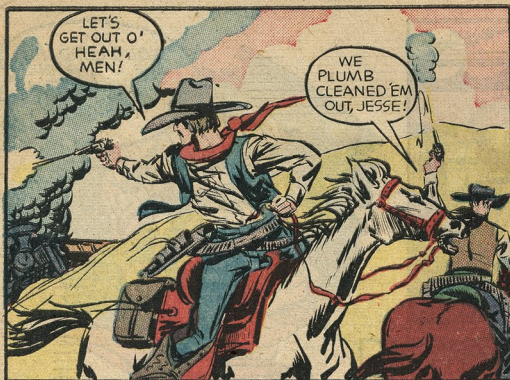


THE CRIES OF THE PASSENGERS ARE DROWNED OUT BY A PIERCING REBEL YELL AS THE BANDITS RACE UP TO THE TRAIN...



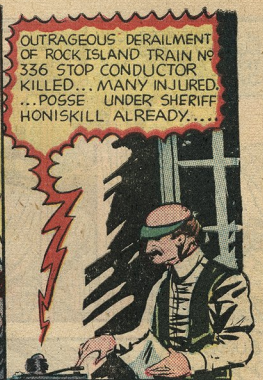
WORKING SWIFTLY, THE BAND STRIPS TRAIN AND PASSENGERS OF ALL VALUABLES.. SO NOVEL WAS THEIR VENTURE, THE ASTOUNDED VICTIMS GAVE THEM NO TROUBLE...



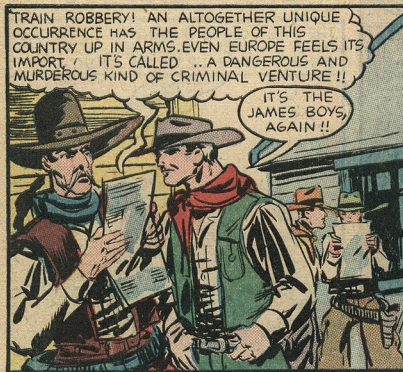


LET'S
GET OUT O'
HEAH,
MEN!

WE
PLUMB
CLEANED 'EM
OUT, JESSE!



OUTRAGEOUS DERAILMENT
OF ROCK ISLAND TRAIN NO
336 STOP CONDUCTOR
KILLED... MANY INJURED.
...POSSE UNDER SHERIFF
HONISKILL ALREADY....



TRAIN ROBBERY! AN ALTOGETHER UNIQUE
OCCURRENCE HAS THE PEOPLE OF THIS
COUNTRY UP IN ARMS. EVEN EUROPE FEELS ITS
IMPORT. IT'S CALLED ... A DANGEROUS AND
MURDEROUS KIND OF CRIMINAL VENTURE!!

IT'S THE
JAMES BOYS,
AGAIN!!

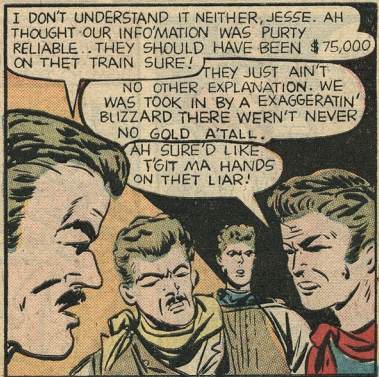


WHILE SAFELY BACK IN MISSOURI, THE JAMES
AND THE YOUNGER BOYS COUNT THEIR LOOT.

DON'T BE IMPATIENT,
WE'LL SOON KNOW
HOW MUCH WE MADE



ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!
WHAT THE DINGES WRONG?
HOW COME THERES ONLY
\$ 300000 HEAH. AN' THE
PASSENGERS TAKE? HOW
COME... EXPLAIN IT!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT NEITHER, JESSE. AH
THOUGHT OUR INFORMATION WAS PURTY
RELIABLE. THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN \$75,000
ON THET TRAIN SURE!

THEY JUST AIN'T
NO OTHER EXPLANATION. WE
WAS TOOK IN BY A EXAGGERATIN'
BLIZZARD THERE WERN'T NEVER
NO GOLD A'TALL.

AH SURE'D LIKE
T'GIT MA HANDS
ON THET LIAR!



BUT FRANK JAMES
AND YOUNG COLE
HADN'T GOT THE
WRONG INFORMATION.. JUST A
FEW HOURS LATER
THE GOLD EXPRESS
WENT SAFELY
THROUGH, OVER A
REPAIRED TRACK
... THE CONNING
BANDITS HAD
CAUGHT THE
WRONG TRAIN.

THE END

WESTERN WONDERS



THE GHOST TRAIL -

PARTS OF THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL COMES BACK IN A GHOSTLY OUTLINE EACH YEAR, ---- IN THE WHEAT FIELDS OF CENTRAL KANSAS ---- THE SOIL ON THE OLD TRAIL WAS PACKED SO TIGHTLY BY THE YEARS OF TRAVEL, ---- THAT THE WHEAT, ON THE TRAIL IS MUCH SHORTER THAN THE REST OF THE FIELD!



*Appear Slimmer
Instantly!*

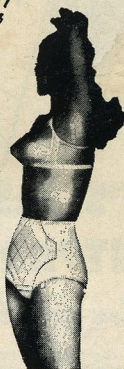
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Waist measure _____

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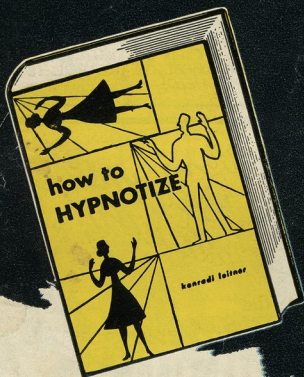
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